# THE AVENUE

F.S.S.W.

DECEMBER 1940

PER ARDUA AD ALTA



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# 'THE AVENUE'

*The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden.*

VOL. XXX. DECEMBER, 1940. No. 93.

## EDITORIAL.



INCE our last issue the war has come very much closer home to the people of this country. Though we here have so far escaped any serious interference with our work, some considerable changes in the school life have been caused. Not the least of these has been the considerable reduction in the number of boarders in the school, owing to the fact that some parents have considered Saffron Walden to be a somewhat "dangerous" area. Fortunately, this fear has so far proved groundless, and our numbers are better than at one time seemed likely. As an offset to this reduction of boarders there has been a very large increase in the number of day scholars. Two causes have been responsible for this. In the first place we were approached in July by the Middlesex Education Committee to know whether we could help them out with the group of girls from Tottenham High School still remaining in Walden from the original evacuation scheme of the previous year. We were very glad to be able to do this and we have this term welcomed among us three mistresses and fifty-four girls from this school. This unexpected amalgamation of two school units has been of very considerable value to the Walden end of the scheme, and we hope that those who have joined us from Tottenham are also feeling that, though they may have lost something for the time of their separate identity, they have gained valuable compensations from joining up with us. Members of the Tottenham group have taken part in almost all of our activities, and we are glad to welcome contributions from them to these pages.

We also record with regret the closing, for the present, of Saffron Walden Grammar School, with whom we have for so long carried on a friendly rivalry. Military necessity has proved too strong for them, but we have been the gainers by the transfer to us of a number of the day boys previously in attendance there.

Reference is made elsewhere to the numerous staff changes that have been made this term. We record here, however, with our deep regret, the death of Miss S. E. Levy, who spent most of last school year with us helping with French and in other ways. We shall long remember her keen interest in our school, and the genuineness of her friendship and of her loyalty to all of us. When poor health caused her to to leave us for Jamaica in the summer, we hoped that the change would renew her strength. Though for a time this seemed to be the case, a heart attack proved fatal.

The uncertainties and difficulties of these days leave us frequently wondering how much of our work is of permanent worth. One thing seems, however, truer than ever to-day, and that is that our school motto—*per ardua ad alta*—expresses something fundamental in human progress. Nothing worth while comes to man, except "per ardua," and we here, with our dreams of a better future, must endeavour to build the solid foundations on which alone such a future can rise.

G.L.

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## INTER ALIA.



T the end of last term we said goodbye to Miss Waites, Miss Erskine, Miss Macaskill, Miss Butler, Mr. Thompson, Mr. Greenwood, Mr. Nottridge and Miss Rushworth. We were all sorry to see them go and thought that this "mass evacuation" would leave the school destitute, but so far we have managed to survive.

We only had one new master to fill these gaps, so when we welcomed Mr. Dale this term we were wondering how one history

master could do seven jobs! After a few weeks Mr. Barton came to study for his Teacher's Certificate, and took several forms for History and Current Events. He left, after being here seven or eight weeks. We have also been lucky to have three Tottenham High School mistresses to teach us. Miss Fallet teaches French, Miss Foster takes General Science and Miss Hall takes Needlework, Gardening and Domestic Science. At least when I say Domestic Science I mean the theory of Housewifery and such like, because the Domestic Science rooms are no longer worthy of such a name, as they have been commandeered with the rest of Hillcroft, and are occupied by soldiers and evacuees.

The girls who would be at Hillcroft this year, under normal circumstances, are sleeping down at the San., where they have one ward. Here the windows are well protected with asbestos, so that there is no need for them to move from their beds when their less fortunate fellows at school are dragging weary limbs downstairs.

That brings me to the subject of Air Raids at Walden. Day and night we promptly obey the summons of the clarion call, and repair to our hide-outs. We all have our allotted "funk holes," both workshops and Boys' B being used as such, and some girls are lucky enough to have a cosy little music room in which to shelter. Whenever the siren ruffles the night air we have to be wakened by the master or mistress on duty (rarely hearing it ourselves) and we hasten (?) down to contrive to sleep. The boys sleeping in Boys' B sleep undisturbed except, perhaps, for the intrusion of several outsiders sharing their sanctuary. All these rooms are protected by blast walls and perhaps an extra support for the roof.

During all warnings the Fire and Stretcher Squads are on the alert (?) or, rather, semi-dressed, in case their services are required. This term Stephen Walker is in charge of the Fire Squad and is doing hard work in this capacity.

All who know them will be pleased to hear that Miss Wilson and Miss Macaskill are both engaged to be married. We offer them both our congratulations.

Senior, Middle and Junior Lits., and the Senior "Natch" are still flourishing. Some of the Tottenham girls have joined these

societies. The Musical Society, alas, has sunk into oblivon, but the Boys' and the Girls' Reading Clubs are still very much alive.

The School Council has made a break from the old system of house competitions, hoping that this will bring about more house enthusiasm. This year, Athletics, Work, Conduct, Crafts and Plays count as separate competitions, their being no aggregate result at the end of the year. The board in the dining room then, is not to be used for the present.

One more alteration has made Walden yet again different. That is that top table at dinner is now without diners, Mr. Littleboy takes the top end of table 2, Mrs. Sparkes table 3 and Miss Clark table 4. Miss Murray and Miss Thompson, whom we welcome as assistant Secretary in place of Miss Rushworth, sit with Miss Wilson and the Nurses at table 5, which, incidently is now the most beautifully polished table in the dining room!

One thing should be mentioned, in conclusion, about the absence of the diary from this issue. It was felt that the events contained therein could be found elsewhere in the Magazine, or took up more space than we could afford at present. So the diary has gone. We hope the rest will warrant such a decision.

*Beryl Kilford*
*(Sixth Form).*

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## THE BEGGAR PROBLEM.

THE Dictionary definition of a beggar is "One who asks alms, especially habitually; one who lives by so doing."

Perhaps it is necessary to add that tramps are by no means the same as beggars. Beggars may be tramps, or tramps may be beggars, but there is always a difference. The tramp is a vagabond, the beggar, a parasite. The beggar lives on an unsympathetic community. He attempts to wheedle from each a little money or food that the sum total may be enough to enable him to carry on his useless existence.

It may not always be his own fault that he his a beggar. Beggars may be divided into two groups—"sheep and goats."

The "sheep" are quite helpless. They may be unemployed, infirm, or too old to work. At all events, their position is such that they have to beg for their living. They are the victims of an unbalanced social system, in which some class has to feel the pinch, if others are to profit. These are the responsibility of the other members of the community. Unfortunately, this class interferes with the drastic treatment which the "goats" deserve, for it is impossible to take any general action which does not harm the "sheep."

The "goats" are the full-blooded Clopin Troufeillons, the Falstaffs, the men who are beggars because they have the nature of beggars. The Continent is overrun by this type of beggar.

Continental cafés are (or used to be) full of beggars, who would even eat the food from your plate if they could get the chance. From childhood they are adept in the art of conjuring money out of other people's pockets to a (temporary) resting place in their own. It is reported that Mussolini has removed the beggars from Italy, but I am sure he has not disposed of the herds of children who follow tourists until they obtain money by dogged insistence on what they have come to look upon as a right. As the children grow older, they learn to hide their avarice. It is better so, because most people find it hard to refuse a direct request for money, much as they would like to do. For, not only does it make them appear stingy and close-fisted, but it also makes them acutely conscious of their superior social standing. Giving alms may salve their consciences, but it is the evasion of an important issue. People willingly allow themselves to suffer from the delusion that "When all's said and done, it's a good old world after all." They like to think this because they have obtained a comfortable niche in the scheme of things. It is obviously far from being a "good old world" as anybody but a wishful thinker or a sentimentalist can see.

Now there are two possible methods of dealing with the beggar problem. The first is drastic and strikes at all types of beggars. It includes the passing of bye-laws making it illegal to beg or at

any rate restricting the activities of beggars. The second method requires the co-operation of anybody with small change in his pocket. It is to use your own judgment.

*Keith Irvine*
*(Upper Fifth).*

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## THINGS I HAVE EATEN.

I HAVE eaten many things in my time, though you wouldn't think it from the size of me.

When small (that is to say, smaller than I am now) I once declared that I remembered everything that I had ever eaten, though that was rather impossible because many and varied are the things consumed by me.

My mind wanders back over countless sweets and green apples until it reaches a pink-sugar-mouse in a box which I found in the dustbin.

It seemed too good to be true, but I ate it with great relish, only to find later that it had been put in the dustbin because some methylated spirits had been spilt over it.

Can you imagine that I was particularly joyful afterwards ?

Green apples were often my delight as I never suffered afterwards from the promised pain.

At Christmas I would consume whole boxes of sweets without feeling any the worse for it.

I also ate any kind of raw vegetables, dog biscuits and many other such delicacies. To get the raw vegetables I had only to avoid the gardener, but to get the dog biscuits was a more difficult matter as, strangely enough, the dog always seemed to want them too. We had several battles over it, and although I once tricked him by uttering loud guttural "miaows," he usually won.

I do not remember, but I am told that as a baby in Africa I was once found eating some red sandstone pebbles with great enjoyment, much to everyone's horror. But that time I was seriously ill afterwards.

Coal also used to appear on my daily menu; but this was soon forbidden as people did not seem to think it was good for me.

I don't see how I could have eaten these things now, and why I did not die long ago has always been a question to me.

But perhaps the child's meat is the grown-up's poison.

*Alison Irvine*
*(Upper Fourth).*

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## THE LONDON FIRE BRIGADE.

SOME time ago I had the opportunity of going to a drill display at the Headquarters of the old London Fire Brigade, which was held each Wednesday, so we obtained some tickets to go.

In the centre of the buildings was a large courtyard in which the display was held. At one corner was a large gateway, which gave access to the big open hall in which the engines stand ready for action. When the show was in progress the engines which were needed, came out of here. At the opposite corner was a smaller gateway from which the men with fire-extinguishers came, when they were wanted. On one side was a flight of steps, the use of which I will describe later, and on the other side, the entrance to the repairing shops.

The display started with jumping sheet drill. About twelve men held a jumping sheet roughly chest high from the ground. Six storeys up the building on one side of the courtyard was an open window. Suddenly a fireman appeared and stood at attention on the window-sill which jutted out a little. He then calmly stepped off into space and landed on the sheet feet first, his feet acting as springs. More men followed, and then the next item came.

This was in the form of a false alarm, when some of the engines turned out, and rushed into the courtyard. The alarm is given by the ringing of a large bell in the control room by the men on duty.

After this came a gas display. From the iron steps already mentioned came a yellow vapour, and a man in a gas-proof suit and

gas mask went down into the gas-filled room beneath and came up again after five minutes. It was then explained to the audience how the gas-mask worked and all about the gas-proof suit.

The next item demonstrated how a petrol fire is dealt with. Many gallons of petrol were poured into a large round tank and a match was dropped into it. Then a number of firemen rushed up carrying chemical fire-extinguishers which they directed towards the blaze, and in a few minutes the flames were put out.

We were then shown how a person can be rescued from a top room floor and lowered to the ground by means of long ropes, in cases where the staircase is alight and cannot be used.

An 80ft. water tower was then brought out and a fireman took his place on a little platform at the top, to which he was secured by a strong belt. The ladder was then extended to its full height, a hose being permanently fixed to it, and the man showed how water can be poured from the tower direct into a top room.

It was a most interesting and instructive afternoon and we realized why the members of the London Fire Brigade are noted all over the world for their smartness, skill and efficiency.

*A. Franklin*
*(Lower Fifth).*

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## FROM FAR AND NEAR.

FOR many reasons it is good to hear of what has happened to those who were connected closely with the school and who are now away from it. Especially is this so at present when events tumble people about like corn in a granary, and when many find themselves in conditions they never expected even to see. So we have revived "Far and Near," a feature of "*The Avenue*" some few years ago. It might usefully be said here that we should welcome any news of friends or old scholars of the school: still more should we welcome matter for publication, telling us of interesting work being done, of impressions—in fact, of anything that can be of interest to readers.

G. DAVY THOMPSON, who left the staff at the end of last term to join up, is at the moment Aircraftsman (2nd class) in the R.A.F., or as he puts it "the lowest form of life that crawls in the Air Force." The ultimate post for which he is being trained is that of armourer, and when we remember his skill and craftsmanship shown while here, we feel that he will quickly show his extraordinary gifts and training. He has been moved about England quite a bit.

DENNIS GREENWOOD, who also left the staff last term, is now working with the Friends' Ambulance Unit, and was last heard of in London. He writes: "The F.A.U. is finding abundant work here and we have 200 or so people working in London. I am with a training contingent at Bethnal Green Hospital.....Those who have finished training are working very hard with problems of evacuation and reception of London's homeless. The rest centres and shelters are frequently in an appalling condition. The Unit has charge of several centres, and has been getting very good press notices....." We hope Mr. Greenwood will write something for us in next term's "*Avenue*."

MARY BUTLER left the staff last term and is now teaching near Ripon. A contribution from her appears elsewhere in this issue.

JESSICA MACASKILL also left last term to take up another post in Yorkshire, not far from her home. As we have written elsewhere in this issue, we congratulate her on her engagement.

MARGARET ERSKINE, who taught here for four years, is now teaching at a school near Reading. Her interests are varied, and she finds taking singing and music as her main teaching subjects, new and absorbing.

We hear that HAROLD NOTTRIDGE, who left the staff last term, is now at Spicelands, and we should be pleased to hear from or of him.

MISS WAITES is having the rest she so well earned in her strenuous years here in her home and with her family.

BRIAN PHILLIPS, who was with us as a student-master for a year, is now up at St. John's College, Cambridge, and we hope we shall be able to see something of him at school while he is thus near.

We have news of several old scholars who left recently. ROGER BLACKSHAW is at Bootham, where he finds the life very different but very enjoyable. EDWARD HUGHES is working at a big engineering works not far from his home, and the varied experience he is finding most valuable. JOHN KEMP has a job in a London insurance office, in which we have no doubt he retains his old imperturbability though kingdoms may tremble.

FRANCESCA WOODHOUSE, who attended a London school after leaving us in 1939, writes: "Sydenham County School, evacuated to Dorking, has all its members billeted in the town, and a hostel is used for some of the two examination forms. It has also rented a big house which is used as extra form rooms...At the house, when the siren goes (which is pretty often) lessons are carried on in the hall, with blankets round us to keep us from the stormy blasts; others work down in the cellar with an oil stove, and in the cloak-rooms. When at school, however, we continue our work in the trenches, to be interrupted every now and then by violent physical jerks. Another example of the morale of Britain's youth carrying on undaunted!"

We hear that ROSALIND BARKAS, who left in 1939, is at Edinburgh University. A letter has been received from JOAN and PETER MATTHEWS, who were visiting their parents in Ceylon when war broke out in September, 1939. Each of them is doing well, Peter's swimming especially gaining him notice.

We had a pleasant surprise when the school played St. Christopher, Letchworth, a few Saturdays ago. FRIDA and DAVID LOCKSPEISER, who left here at the end of 1938, came over with the St. Christopher sides, David to play, Frida to watch. We had heard that they had gone to Canada, but they said they preferred to stay here, and here they still are.

JUTTA and UDO FLEISCHMANN, who left in 1939 and 1938 respectively, have decided to move out of London for the present. Their home has been badly damaged and Jutta was a casualty with a head wound, caused by falling masonry. She is fit again now with a scar "only about an inch and quarter long, and not very noticeable." They are now in Somerset. An article by Jutta appears elsewhere.

HENRY RODWELL and STEPHEN MATTINGLY are both in the F.A.U., Stephen in the same unit as Mr. Greenwood. Stephen was another "masonry casualty" in one of the London's raids, but he too is fit again. Henry has volunteered to go to China with the Unit, should he get the chance, for a period of not less than two years.

We had a visit from a number of Australian Officers at the school one Sunday afternoon, and with them was their Padre, DONALD REDDING, who left here in 1914. He came back to see the school again and we were only sorry he could not stay longer. He is attached as a Chaplain to the Australian Expeditionary Force.

JOHN GIRDWOOD, who will be known to most old scholars for his work as treasurer of the Old Scholars' Association, was badly injured in an air raid and has had to suffer the cruel necessity of losing a leg. We would wish him to know of our sympathy, which is so difficult to say.

ALAN SMITH, only lately down from Cambridge, has joined up. JOHN FORDHAM is at Gosport training for the Fleet Air Arm.

DENNIS ALLWARD is reported a prisoner of war, and we should be glad to hear more news of him if any is known.

ADRIAN WYLIE was reported "missing" after the Dunkirk evacuation, but we understand there is still some hope of his being a prisoner of war. Please let us know at school if and when anything more definite is heard, for many friends of his may only hear of him by the medium of "*The Avenue.*"

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## LIFE IN LONDON.

TO-DAY, although London presents a scarred face there is a cheerful smile behind it. The continuous air attacks on the metropolis have drawn the people together into a strange kind of unity, burying their social prejudices to fight for the common cause. This unity has brought to the people great confidence in one another and unimaginable helpfulness towards the more unfortunate.

Several times each day the siren, more realistically called "Moaning Lizzie," wails. London pays no excessive attention to these day-time disturbances: it regards them merely as "alerts." Business as usual, is the slogan, till the roof-spotters blow their whistles to indicate "danger overhead." The morning passes, till in the afternoon the underground stations give admission to the thousands who have been patiently waiting for this since the morning "all clear."

Shortly before dusk, workers leave their offices and factories, crowd into tubes and buses, and cars of "help your neighbour free-lifters." Once home they gulp down a hurried meal and rush off to the shelters, where one member of the family has been keeping them a place. Some people, however, stay in their homes.

Scarcely has darkness fallen when the A.A. guns go into action and the sirens sound a little later. Aeroplanes can be heard buzzing overhead—and an occasional bomb comes screaming down. Then the citizens' army works. The wardens, A.F.S., girl ambulance drivers, rescue and demolition squads are busy. The streets, except for these brave people, are deserted. The glow of fires in the distance and the parachute flares floating down present a picturesque but grim spectacle. At times the noise of the aeroplanes grow louder and the A.A. fire heightens.

Eventually, the "all clear" sounds, heralding day-break. London wakes up after a more or less restless night, to witness the destruction wrought in the hours of darkness. People have been killed and injured. Many have been made homeless. There are several more road diversions which make travelling very irksome. Some people are without gas, others without water, and others yet without a telephone.

Thus life goes on in London with the same grim happenings each day. But London bears up under the struggle, knowing that she is in the front line and proud to be so.

JUTTA FLEISCHMANN.

QUEEN ETHELBURGA'S SCHOOL,
STUDLEY ROYAL,
RIPON, YORKS.

MY first visit to Yorkshire was an adventure. It was not quite the same as sailing the South Seas, but after only a fortnight's preparation, to be speeding north to a new life, was really very exciting.

The railway track between Harrogate and Ripon is laid on a high embankment. It was dark when I travelled along it, and when the train stopped, as it did a number of times, the wind racing across the moors, made the place sound lonely and eerie.

Queen Ethelburga's School, at which I finally arrived, was founded in 1912, and was named after the great Queen of Northumbria, who converted her husband, King Edwin, thus spreading Christianity in the north. The school was commandeered at the beginning of the war and so evacuated to Studley Royal, the lovely home of Commander and Lady Vyner, where the Royal Family have often stayed.

The house, a rambling but very comfortable old building, is surrounded by the most beautiful park imaginable, in which stand some of our finest examples of English trees. Three herds of red and fallow deer stand with startled dignity, their brown and dappled coats toning in with the landscape. The stags can often be heard roaring at night at this time of the year.

The school, numbering nearly a hundred girls and about twenty staff, finds the quarters somewhat cramped, but is managing to overcome all the difficulties. The hall, once the museum, is used all day, being the assemby hall, the chapel, the gymnasium, the concert hall and the studio all combined into one. The form rooms are scattered. Some are in the main building, some in the stables and some in huts outside. Lessons take place in the entrance hall, the bathrooms and bedrooms and the corridor.

Not far from the school stands Fountains Abbey, where we are free to roam, a privilege for which we are deeply grateful. Of all our most famous ruins it must be the loveliest in all England,

reminding one of the days when monasteries were places of hospitality and refuge.

Ripon is an old market town, sleepy and friendly. The only day it seems alive is on market days, when all is bustle and chatter, and when army lorries, buses, wagons, cars and carts endeavour vainly, by many noisy hootings, to pass each other in the narrow streets. Ripon is the proud possessor of a fine cathedral, which is best seen from the east, the foot being surrounded in soft Autumn mist.

And so, far from the noise of warfare, we carry on. Change must come to us all, especially now, and I am glad I have changed now, though it was hard at first. I shall not easily forget Saffron Walden and the kindness and happiness I found there amongst you all.

MARY I. BUTLER
(1939—1940).

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## COCKNEY STOICISM.

THEY stand and watch, these children of our war,
How silently they gaze ;
For men they never saw
Now set their homes ablaze.

They cannot speak, cannot think or weep
They feel how great their cross
In that this blackened heap,
Once home, is now their loss.

They see another street come crashing down
Yet still they have no fears—
They only bear the crown
Of victory and of tears.

*Jean B. Foote*
*(Lower Fifth).*

# EVACUATION.

IN good King George's troubled reign
We were evacuated,
And some of us enjoyed the change
Which others simply hated.
Some cried and sobbed in vain for home,
And wrote full many a letter,
While others laughed, and felt convinced
Their lot could be no better.

The countryside with children swarmed,
The country-folk were frantic.
Their cottages were pulled to bits
And ceased to look romantic.
Each hedge of blackberries was stripped,
Each fence was split asunder,
And worried farmers went about
With brows as black as thunder.

Then vicars' wives went bustling round
To find just one more billet.
They took each empty house there was,
Convinced that they could fill it.
Small boys threw stones at window panes,
Small girls cried loud for mother.
'Twas such an uproar, and I hope
We'll never see another.

*Marjorie Powell*
*(Sixth Form).*

# RODO THE OTTER.

RODO was a baby otter. He lived with his mother Sharp Claw and his baby sisters by the side of the River Elm. Rodo was the eldest baby and his chief delight was to push his sisters, Longtail and Fleetfoot, off the bank and into the river. It was really a stream, but the villagers called it a river and were very proud of it, because on it lived some of the finest swans in that part of England. Rodo and all in his family hated swans, "nasty hissing things," Sharp Claw would say, and Rodo kept clear of them.

The life of the young otters was a happy one until the tragedy occurred. Sharp Claw had gone out for food and as she crept down the bank among the heather she heard the baying of hounds and a huntsman's horn. They were sounds she had heard before her beloved mate had been taken from her, but it had been a glorious death for he had fought well even to the end. Sharp Claw did not grieve, for the dreams of the past flew away, and she was left to think of her own fate. She looked wildly around, but the same movement was her undoing, for as the heather rustled above her head a stray hound espied her, and leaping upon Sharp Claw bayed his loudest. Now Sharp Claw had not been given her name for nothing and she fought with her claws and her teeth with such strength that the hound sprang back, his tail between his legs, and yelping his fear, turned tail and fled. Unluckily, though, the rest of the pack came along together with the huntsmen, and Sharp Claw, hardly knowing what she did, leapt into the river. . . . .

Rodo was hungry, he had made up his mind as to that. He also felt he needed an adventure—an exploration. He had never been many yards from his home, but his sisters were hungry and so was he. Why should he not set out looking for food? he asked himself, his mother might come back empty handed; besides he must learn to hunt. Without telling either of his sisters, who were both romping about, he crept away from the den. Looking down stream Rodo saw a heron fishing for frogs, so the young otter thought he would try fishing too. He waded quietly into the stream and was about to snap at a little fish, who was fast asleep, when he heard a big splash and much barking.

Turning round he saw Sharp Claw fighting for her life among the pack of hounds, while on the bank the huntsmen raised their guns, the horses pranced, and the rest of the dogs plunged in the stream to join their comrades. Sharp Claw was badly wounded, and blood poured from her side, but still she fought bravely. Rodo hardly knew what to do. He had to save his mother, so sinking down under the water, he swam along beneath the surface until the mass of fighting animals was directly above him. He discerned Sharp Claw's legs from the dogs and with his sharp teeth began to bite the latter. Howls of pain came from the hounds and most of them swan ashore. Then Rodo came to the surface gasping for breath, and with his mother, fought off the last two or three attackers. Then the victors swam for home, but the huntsmen, seeing their prey escape, began firing at them. Luckily their shots went wide and Rodo and his mother dived down into the friendly depths and so reached their home.

There Sharp Claw's wound soon healed and both mother and children were never again troubled with otter hunts.

*Barbara Condon*
*(Upper 3a).*

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## A FARM HOLIDAY.

THIS year I went for a holiday on a farm. On a farm you have to get up very early to milk the cows and to feed the baby calves. One calf, I knew, when she had a bucket of milk given to her, put in her nose, and instead of drinking, she blew a few bubbles. Her name was Julia.

After the cows were fed I used to go and feed the chickens and collect the eggs, and then I fed the pigs.

Breakfast on the farm usually consisted of the farm products.

After breakfast, on the first morning, we went into the harvest fields and I had a ride on the binder. The farm boys were in the field with sticks trying to catch rabbits. When the field was nearly cut we grew very excited as most of the rabbits were in the centre, and everybody had to be on the look-out for them.

After the field had been cut the sheaves were made into stooks and then carted. This was great fun, as we were allowed to sit on top of the sheaves on the waggon.

One day while I was there the tractor broke down and Uncle had to use another tractor to tow it. I was very thrilled when he said I could drive it. It was great fun driving the tractor back to its shed. It was exciting too, when Uncle took me for a ride on the caterpillar tractor.

One day I sat down on the ground against some barley sheaves. When I got up I was covered in barley ales and it took me a long time to get them out of my clothes.

After being out in the air all day we were able to sleep very well at night and were ready to get up early.

I enjoyed the holiday very much, though it was entirely different from the seaside holiday.

*L. Buck*
*(Upper 3b).*

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## JUNIOR SCHOOL GARDENING NOTES.

About 18 months ago the gardener gave the Junior School a patch of ground at " Hillcroft."

After the first term we had enough profit to pay for the gardening tools and we had some money over for seeds for the next year.

This year our potatoes and tomatoes were very good. We had 84 lbs. of potatoes and 27 lbs. of tomatoes. The tomatoes were grown from half a packet of large Red Mammoth seed costing ½d. We planted the seeds in boxes in the class room and then moved them against the South wall in the " Hillcroft " garden.

We grew other crops in the " Hillcroft " garden as well, such as lettuces, parsnips, dwarf beans, broad beans, spinach, carrots and spring cabbage.

We are having an experiment at forcing rhubarb at "Hillcroft." We have a box in the cellar of the Junior School.

Last Summer Term we dug up the Mistresses garden. Now it is a vegetable garden. It is planted with lettuces and cabbages.

*Jane Morgan*
*(Junior School)*

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## An Imaginary Conversation between Juluis Cæsar and Mussolini.

"SANTA MARIA! Who goes there? How badly this light burns!"

Mussolini sat up in his chair and stared in front of him.

"Thy former self, O Benito!" said a powerful voice, and lo! there stood a tall splendid man in full Roman armour, his sword slung at his side.

"Amore di dio! What thick wavy hair!" muttered Mussolini under his breath. Then suddenly he opened his eyes in his usual way until there was a ring of white all round the irises, and glaring in his fiercest manner: "What do you want?" he demanded hoarsely," and who *were* you?"

The Roman advanced a step, his leathern sandals making no sound on the parquet floor. As he did so, Mussolini noticed a crown of laurels on his head, though the rest of his form remained as if in shadow.

"Behold thyself as thou wast, far back in thy one-hundreth incarnation, of which thy muddled brain recalls not one short scene, and see what a sorry contrast thou makest. See what a change has o'ertaken thy manly form! I am come back to discover the ways of this modern world and the state of glorious Rome, whose ruler thou art and what do I find? Search thy mind and see all the base motives which impel thy actions! Yet I am constant as the northern star, of whose true fixed and resting quality, there is no fellow in the firmament."

Mussolini sat for a few minutes wrapped in thought; then, as an idea took shape in his head, his eyes unconsciously dilated again.

"Tell me," he urged eagerly "if you can help me in modern politics."

"That depends," said Cæsar gravely, "upon which course you adopt, and whether you act from right motives." He seemed to have become strangely modern in speech and thought.

"My aim," said Mussolini proudly, "is to establish this country in a position foremost in the world. To do this, I must obviously overcome England and Germany, the richest and most powerful countries in Europe and not to be trusted. The most apparent line of action is to smash first Berlin, to establish supremacy in Europe, and then London. Having done this, America is the one remaining obstacle to Italian world dominion. To conquer her, I need men, money and equipment; my only hope for them is in you, for I have not a friend in this world."

Cæsar stared at him, the lines on his face sternly set and a hard light in his eyes.

"So that," he said slowly, "is your idea of the foremost country in the world. Why, I have been shown as much of the reason for the failure of this world, in these last few minutes, as I have learned since the dim days of my office as consul of Rome. Learn now" he continued sternly, "that respect, admiration and the place of 'the foremost country of the world,' are not obtained by riches, power and warlike superiority. To obtain all this, you most set an example which decent folk will be able to respect. Farewell! Thou shalt see me but once again."

"Castigo di dio! And when will that be?"

"Thou shalt see me at Berlin!"

"Il diavolo! At Berlin?"

His eyes failed to find the form which he sought, his head fell on his arms.

"Et tu Cæsar," he groaned.

*Eileen Elmes*
*(Upper Fifth).*

# THE INFLUENCE OF WAR ON AIRCRAFT DESIGN.

AT first sight, war might appear to be a great help to the development of aircraft design, but this is not always so.

In war, the aircraft factories are working to entire capacity on the production of present types and they have little time or space to spare for entirely new designs. Also, the designer has only enough time to make improvements, shown necessary by active service, in existing types. Examples of this are the more heavily armed power-operated gun turrets, which have been fitted to the Vickers Armstrong's Wellington, and Armstrong Whitworth Whitley heavy bombers.

When the enterprising designer *does* design a new type, performance is often considered of less importance than simplicity and ease of construction leading to speed of output.

Another effect of war on military aircraft is to keep many obsolete types in service longer than they otherwise would be. Examples of this are the Gloster Gladiator (six gun biplane single seat fighter), the Saunders-Roe London, the Vickers-Armstrong's Supermarine Stranraer (both open sea biplane twin-engined flying boats) and the Avro Anson (medium bomber). When these obsolete types *are* taken off the active service list they are used for training purposes. The Avro Anson is a good example of this.

Before the war there were probably several types on the drawing boards of various manufacturers (or prototypes actually flying), and we expect most of these to go into production if the prototypes pass their tests successfully. Examples of this are the Fairey Fulmar fleet fighter (Rolls-Royce Merlin engine), the Fairey Albacore biplane sea-scout (Bristol Perseus engine), the Bristol Beaufort medium bomber-reconaissance torpedo dropping aeroplane (two Bristol Taurus engines) and the Heinkel HE 113 single engined single seat fighter.

The effect of war on civil aviation is adverse in the extreme. Britain has always been well forward in this sphere; our civil aircraft are admitted all over the world as of good design and workmanship. Aircraft such as the following are well-known examples of this design: the Armstrong Whitworth Ensign (four Armstrong-Siddley Tiger engines), the well-known "C" and "G" class flying boats, built by Short Bros., of Rochester, and the de Havilland Albatross (four Gipsy Twelve engines) and the de Havilland Flamingo (two Bristol Perseus engines).

Civil aircraft, which were designed before the war, are now being suspended from production in large quantities, *e.g.:* the Fairey FC I, the Short 14/38 landplane and the Short G class flying boat ("Golden Hind," etc.) The de Havilland Flamingo is a notable exception and is still being built in large quantities.

Most small private aeroplanes are likewise being suspended from production, such as the de Havilland Moth Minor, the Gipsy two seater and the Chilton ultra light aeroplane. A notable exception in this class is the General Aircraft Cygnet, which is an unusual though successful design with tricycle under-carriage, twin tails and side by side two seat arrangement. This aircraft is still being built in large quantities to help the export drive to get foreign currency.

Some small civil two seaters have been adapted for primary military training, such as the Miles Magister and the de Havilland Tiger Moth.

Another important effect of war on civil aviation is to give countries which remain neutral—such as the U.S.A.—an ideal opportunity to develop external airlines without competition from the belligerents. The U.S.A. can now develop Pacific, Atlantic and South American airlines without serious competition from England and no competition at all from Germany.

In this article we have tried to show the tremendous handicap that war is to civil aviation and aircraft design, and that war is not entirely helpful even to military design.

*D. L. Scott* (*Lower Fifth*).
*O. A. Hughes* (*Upper Fourth*).

# GIRLS' GAMES REPORT, 1940.

WE have been fortunate this season in that we have been able to play all our fixtures except one, that against Cambridge County High School, who have given up playing hockey matches for the duration.

Some girls from T.H.S. have gained places in the 1st and 2nd teams and we hope that their success will hearten those others who are keen to persevere and improve.

Our successes and defeats have been equal, but for all the keenness and enthusiasm which was felt in the team at the beginning of the term, the standard for which we hoped has not been achieved. The forward line, though speedy, is careless in its formation, and the co-operation which is an essential is not there and will not be there without lengthy and careful practice. Ball-control and stick-work are improving but the main fault lies in the fact that the forward line depends on the defences and the latter are overworked.

Speed is an essential in any well-balanced team but unless this is combined with anticipation, ball-control, deft stickwork and clever passing, the team falls short of what it hopes to achieve.

The success of a team is not solely judged by its victories but by its general attitude to the game and the good comradeship and sportsmanship which is found there.

G.B.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Oct. 5th.—v. Old Scholars ... ... ... | won | 3—2 |
| „ 12th.—v. Herts. & Essex High School ... | won | 2—1 |
| „ 19th.—v. Girton College 2nd XI. ... ... | lost | 1—0 |
| „ 26th.—v. Saffron Walden Ladies H.C. ... | won | 7—0 |
| Nov. 3rd.— | | |
| „ 9th.—v. Hockerill Training College 1st XI. ... | lost | 2—0 |
| 2nd XI. ... | lost | 2—1 |
| „ 16th.—v. Bishop's Stortford L.H.C. ... ... | lost | 1—0 |
| „ 23rd.—v. Saffron Walden Training College 1st XI. | lost | 1—0 |
| 2nd XI. | won | 3—2 |

# FOOTBALL REPORT, AUTUMN TERM, 1940.

LOOKING back on the term's football, certain aspects give more cause for satisfaction than others. On the one hand, there has been an undoubted increase in the general keeness over games throughout the school, stimulated by a fuller programme of matches for both the first and second elevens, as well as for under 14, and colts' elevens. On the other hand, many boys have scarcely seemed to benefit from the advice given as much as they should have, and have not shown in matches the degree of determination displayed in practice games, so that several of our defeats have been due more to lack of confidence than to lack of ability.

The defence is much steadier and sounder than the attack, and the great weakness of the team is undoubtedly indecision and lack of thrust in front of goal, together with a general slowness with the ball and an apparent paralysis as regards shooting, though in this connection it is only fair to say that the games have shown a progressive speeding up as term advanced.

The team has shown a general increase in ball-control, though in a few cases there is a reluctance to head the ball or a tendency to kick with the 'wrong' foot, which is a great drawback.

We have been very fortunate in being able, in spite of these troubled times, and the difficulties of transport, to arrange a fuller programme of matches than usual, sometimes against junior teams from the town, such as Saffron Walden United and the Wanderers, and sometimes against Army teams, and in all cases enjoyable games have resulted.

The House matches this year have been unusually even and have provided some exciting football, two of the games being drawn after extra play.

B.B.J.

# FOOTBALL FIXTURES.

September :—

Saturday 29th.—Saffron Walden Wanderers
Result: 2—2.

October :—

Saturday 5th.—Old Scholars' XI.
Result: 4—1 (against).

Saturday 12th.—Saffron Walden United
Result: 1—0 (against).

Wednesday 23rd.— Army XI.
Result: 5—0 (against).

Saturday 26th.—Saffron Walden Wanderers
Result: won 2—1.

Wednesday 30th.—Army XI.
Result: 3—3.

November :—

Wednesday 6th.—Army XI.
Result: scratched.

Saturday 9th.—Harlow College
Result: 6—0 (against).

Saturday 16th.—Saffron Walden United
Result: 3—1 (win).

Wednesday 20th.—Newport 1st XI. home
Result: 6—0 (lost).
2nd XI. away
Result: 7—0 (lost).

Saturday 23rd.—St. Christophers 1st XI.
Result: 3—0 (against).
Junior XI.
Result: 2—0 (won).

December :—

Saturday 7th.—Newport 1st XI. away
Result: 5—1 (against).
2nd XI. home
Result: 5—2 (against).

# LIFE SAVING EXAMINATIONS.

*Elementary.*

Jean Burman.
Elspeth Irvine.
Judith Layng.
Margaret Radclyffe.
Jean Lyell.
Anne Martin.
Molly Palmer.

*Intermediate.*

Derek Barbanell.
Elvio Garcia.
Michael Jeffrey.
John McCarthy.
John Morice.
Roger Parsons.
Peter Watts.
Marion Cheetham.
Nena Needham.
Audrey Rose.

*Intermediate and Bronze.*

Arnold Bridge.
John Heber.
Keith Irvine.
David Rees.
Jean Blackshaw.
Margaret Main.

*Bronze.*

Alan Appleton.
Margaret Comber.
Rhona Holland.
Bernice Luck.

*Silver.*

Leonè Farrell (badge).

*2nd Class Instructor.*

John Bell.

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# MUSIC EXAMINATIONS.

*Grade I. Piano.*

Jenny Layng.

*Grade II. Piano.*

Judith Layng.

*Grade V. Piano.*

Ann Bickley.
Jean Parkin.

*Grade V. Violin (with credit).*

Oliver Hughes.

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Three numbers of *The Avenue* are published each year, price 8d. per copy (post free 10d.) or 2s. per annum (post free 2s. 6d.).

Articles and subscriptions may be addressed to *The Avenue*, Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

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## SCHOOL MAGAZINES.

We wish to acknowledge the receipt of the magazines of our companion schools which arrived after going to print at the end of last term, and those which have arrived so far this term. Besides the obvious interest to us, the exchange of magazines is a courtesy we much appreciate.

The Magazines received are: *St. Christopher's Magazine, Cambridge & County High School, The Beckside, The Georgian, The Cupola, By Kent and Skerne, The Island.*

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